

The Deceived Virgin,

OR THE

Treacherous Young LOVERS Cruelty.

Being a New Song Sung at Windsor : By B. G.

*Fair Maids Beware, for Men has Oily Tongues,
And Smoothly Court you to your greatest Wrongs,
With Curses, Oaths, large Promises to Boot,
They'l Importune you to Admit the Suit,
But you are Fools I'll Swear by Gad if e're you do't. }
A good Sword, or Stick, if you'l but take the Pain,
Will Force that Right which you but Court in Vain.*

To the Tune of *Celia my Foe.*

Come Hither all you,
Who to Love never knew ;
Here's a Ditty,
Both Witty
And Wonderous true,
Such a one that will make
Your sad Hearts for to Ake
When I tell ye
What befell me
For my true Loves Sake.

I was a Fair Maid,
And some Beauty I had
Which the Young Men
Came Thrönging
To see, and were glad
But amongst all the Rest ;
There was one I Lov'd Best,
Who with pain
Did Obtaine
A Large Room in my Breast.

With more Care and more Pain
Then in Seiges was Tain,
To my Chamber,
Through Danger
He constantly came
Where he waited the Night
In desiring he might,
But at first
I was Curst
And rejected him quite.

With a Thousand more Oaths,
He heaved up the Cloaths
With such strength
That at length
He in Vain did oppose ;
But my affections within
Was as Urgent as him,
And with Arder
Did Further
His Fatal designe.

Entred according to Order.

When he had gain'd my Warm Fort,
Which so long he did Court,
He had Leasure
With Pleasure
To Pause on the Sport,
By the Oath of a Kifs,
He Renewed his sweet Blifs,
And Swore
As Before,
I should ever be his.

But Alas ! How in Vain,
Does Poor Maidens Complain,
When the Men
Has once Tain
What they wish for again
When their Fair Virgins Flower
Is gone out of their Power,
They may Snatch,
But can't Catch
At one happy short Hour.

VVith that we both went
To compleat our content
To the Church,
VVhere with much
Satisfaction we spent
All the time, whilst in Bands,
The Black-Man Joyn'd our hands
VVhilst Returning
Both Burning
He quenched our Flames.

Thus Maids may behold,
VVhat it is to be bold,
VVhen in Courting
And Sporting
Your Sweet-Hearts grow Cold,
A good Sword in your Hand,
VVill your Affections Command,
VVhilst with Sighing
And Crying
Unpittied you Stand.
F I N I S.